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"RIGHT CROSS."

# EXPERTS WILL REPORT THE BIG FIGHT FOR THE JOURNAL

These Noted Ring Experts and Writers Will Tell How the Great Fistic Encounter, Which Takes Place at Coney Island To-night, Was Won and Lost.

## AN EXPERT SAYS FITZSIMMONS WILL WIN.

W. W. Naughton Thinks  
Lanky Bob the Better  
Fighter.

JEFFRIES IS A PUZZLE.

The Question Is, Has He Made  
Any Great Improvement  
in His Skill?

By W. W. Naughton, Sporting Editor  
of the San Francisco Examiner.

Which shall it be, blacksmith or boiler-maker? It is all in the iron trade, and a sledge swinger will be champion of the world no matter which way the tree falls to-night.

For my own part I fancy Fitzsimmons. I think the odds in his favor should be about 10 to 8. Not much of a price against a novice like Jeffries, say you, but there is considerable of the "pig in a poke" element about this affair. That two years' lay-up on the Cornishman's part is a bar to close figuring. The fight itself is the only thing that will tell how time has dealt with the easy-going champion.

Were Fitz an ordinary mortal it would be safe to write him down as having retrograded during his absence from the ring. Fistic history is replete with stories of failure on the part of those who donned their war paint again after a season of rest.

The Two Men Compared.

But Fitzsimmons is not an ordinary mortal. He has outlived, in an athletic sense, all the middle and heavy weights of his generation. He has reversed the rule by building up in muscle and substance when symptoms of physical shrinkage might be looked for. This may be seen at a glance by comparing a photograph of him, taken at the time of the Dempsey fight in New Orleans, with a picture of the present Fitzsimmons. He is to all intents and purposes a late flowering plant, and it is just possible that the two years' seclusion has benefited rather than injured him.

Jeffries is taller, heavier and has slightly longer reach. This latter qualification under the present system of gauging it, however, is a good deal of a delusion and a snare. The tape line will tell which man has the longer arm, but it will not indicate which man can strike an object from the further distance. A fighter's reach begins at his toes. Suppleness of frame and springiness have much to do with it. In a word, a fighter's reach is simply the distance at which he can deal an effective blow and recover his balance.

A weight advantage is of material assistance in a glove contest, but in the present case it does not do so much. Much importance to it. It has often been said that Fitz's most brilliant successes, prior to his invasion of the top-notch class, were due to a large measure due to his lack of weight where weight was of no benefit. A combination of heavy wrists, shoulders and light-weight legs enabled him to meet Jack Dempsey for the middle-weight championship and win. It is in the legs principally that Jeffries differs from Fitzsimmons. He is a bulldozer, and it remains to be seen whether columnar underpinning is of more service in a fight than small and sinewy nether limbs.

Weight and muscle suggest punching power. It is probable that Jeffries, on a recording machine, would send the indicator swinging around the dial a greater distance than the Cornishman. When, however, it becomes a question of possessing force and knowing how to apply it, Fitzsimmons is the man for my money. He knows when, where and how to hit. He has a proper conception of the value of timing a man. He rarely strikes at a retreating object, knowing that the blow will be as helpless as a disarmed vessel wallowing in the trough of a heavy sea.

Jeffries lashes out in a wholehearted way. In the old days—and not so very old at that—he knew little or nothing of pugilistic economy. He had a habit of striking with the big joints of the thumbs. As a consequence he frequently crippled his hands early in the contest. Fitzsimmons, on the other hand, was as helpless as a disarmed vessel wallowing in the trough of a heavy sea.

He has sparred a lot with Tommy Ryan and other clever men of late, and judging from his work in the ring he has derived benefit from keeping such good company. It will be interesting to note, however, if when the excitement begins, he goes back to the old style of fighting at critical times.

Tactics of the Two.  
To compare the tactics of these men isn't an easy matter. Fitz has no particular style. When he went against Dempsey he was much the same as the other Australian bruisers, an adept at the balance, left, the timely right cross and the heart punch. Since then his boxing has lost its individuality, but he has become a package of surprises. No two of his slashes appear to be alike. To the uninitiated he seems to be awkward, but there is a purpose in every ungainly lunge. He is the most dangerous man in the world to close quarters. His knees sag, his feet become unsteady, and he covers himself in reality he is all eyes and fists, and vice versa the man who tries to outdistance him is liable to get down on the Rio Grande, and, while doing so, left an opening that Fitzsimmons will be quick to detect. A matter of fact, the Cornishman had almost come to grief, fumbled until that very opening appeared, when a tightly gripped glove followed by a right, blinding forearm went through toward Maher's chin. There was a sharp sound of tap, as when bone meets bone, and the big Irishman lay quivering on the floor.

That Fitzsimmons can encompass an adversary's defeat in other ways than by snapping him on the jaw was proven at Carson City.

Jeffries is a free arm fighter of the dashy school. His best hold is a left grip, such as Dixon used with great execution in his palmy days. He is also very handy with the right at the ribs. He gets beneath the left and reaches for the liver. He is big and ponderous, but it is doubtful if he will rely much on his ducking when opposed to a dozing, faded, back-action smelter like Fitzsimmons. He is quick on his feet, gritty and aggressive, and his most serious drawback is the disposition of his hands to crumple at critical times.

Condition the Problem.

Condition is a ticklish subject. All fighters look well in training. I have yet to meet one who did not own to being "better than ever" on the eve of an encounter. This time-honored assertion is supposed probably to awe the other fellow.

In the present case both men appear to be in excellent fettle. Fitzsimmons, in my judgment, will weigh about 165 pounds in the ring, and Jeffries 210. This latter is quite a "take-off" for a man who is accustomed to fighting at 225 pounds, and it may be that big Jim will lose some of his steam if the night is hot and the battle line drawn.

The writer does not look for a long fight. Each man is a willing performer, and the result should be arrived at before half the scheduled number of rounds has been completed. It will be no light blow that will settle either man. Jeffries, with his massive jaw and thick ribs, is built for heavy weather. As to Fitzsimmons, the hardest smashes seem to glance from his shu-



Fitzsimmons's Head by Davenport.

## "I AM SURE OF VICTORY."—FITZSIMMONS.

On this, the night before my encounter with Jeffries, I can truthfully say I have never known better physical condition. My critics who harp on my age do not realize that a man of thirty-seven who has never dissipated or been careless of his health is in his prime.

I believe that Bob Fitzsimmons of to-day could beat the Bob Fitzsimmons of ten years ago with comparative ease. The years, of ring experience alone are invaluable. I have tested myself and know my wind is as good and my endurance as great to-day as they were at any time during my long term in the ring.

A physician who examined me to-day told me he could not find a trace of weakness anywhere. I certainly have not forgotten anything I ever knew about fighting. This being so, is it any wonder I am sure of victory over Jeffries?

My experience with hundreds of fighters, the best of England, Australia and America, has convinced me that I am the greatest fighter in the world—champion in fact as well as in name.

I have fought men as strong as Jeffries and defeated them easily. I have fought cleverer men than Jeffries and their cleverness has not helped them against me. Jeffries will be the loser to-morrow night as sure as Corbett lost at Carson or Maher lost in Mexico.

I truly believe that with many men who profess to believe I will lose the wish is father to the thought. Corbett, for instance, ought to know by his own experience that I am Jeffries's master.

They talk about wanting the championship to go to an American. It strikes me that a man who has his property in America, is married in America and whose children are born and will be raised in America is as good an American as there is, and that man is,

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

## "EASY GAME FOR ME," SAYS FITZSIMMONS.

Lanky Bob Spends a Quiet Day and Says, "All  
Championship Candidates Look  
Alike to Me."

Fitzsimmons's last day of training was very light, as far as programmed work goes. He merely punched the bag for a few rounds and boxed a little with his three sparring partners when the heat of the day was over.

He had some exercise that was not down on the schedule. Early in the morning he staked out the wrestling pony, while one of the boys was cleaning the stall. Suddenly the quiet Bath Beach street was electrified by the sight of a rampant Shetland pony kicking and cavorting, but travelling all the time, and in pursuit the long lanky, red-headed, freckled-faced man about whom nearly every man in America is thinking this morning.

It was a fine race for several blocks, but the gulle of the pugilist was too much for the pony. Fitzsimmons, with his usual ring tactics, drove his adversary into a corner, where he was caught by somebody's German hired man.

"Vat!" exclaimed the hired man when the champion introduced himself and claimed the pony, "you Fitzsimmons der fighter feller? Vat! you and so big as me yet?"

Arriving at home the champion encountered more trouble. The "cullud lady" who cooked for the clan Fitzsimmons, had dumped, leaving neither address nor substitute. The heavy weight champion of the world had to hunt an intelligence office just like the ordinary citizen of us all.

His trainers and assistants were pressed into the service, and at last the place was filled. Fitzsimmons was duly rubbed down after his exertions. Later he went to a blacksmith shop and hammered out a set of shoes for the pony. He laughed and talked all day about his adventures. There was little talk about his chances, for neither Fitzsimmons nor those about him thought there is even the remotest possibility of his defeat.

They all know it's an easy game for me," said the champion, "even the fellows who are plugging for Jeffries. Corbett knows what kind of a game Jeffries is going against, and it is a cinch that he is betting any of his own money on his friend from California."

Ed McCoy paid the champion a call in the afternoon, and after a survey of his muscles and a glimpse of his work, remarked that Fitzsimmons ought to win.

McCoy accompanied Fitzsimmons and Julian to Coney Island for an inspection of the clubhouse and the ring.

"How was it, Fitz?" somebody asked him on his return.

"Oh," said the champion, "it was all right. All right, like all candidates for the championship, look alike to me."

shaped head and wedge-shaped frame like waves from the hull of a whaleback.

To conclude: On one side there is a seasoned slinger; a student among fighters; a fellow who is crafty and as cold as a frog in action. On the other, a husky, inexperienced young giant, whose very eagerness may prove his undoing. All things considered, it looks to me as if Fitzsimmons should win.

"TEA SALOON" OPENED  
BY THE CHURCH ARMY.

The New Venture Is Inaugurated with  
All Customary East Side  
Ecstasies.

A "tea saloon" was opened last night at No. 75 Allen street, the home of the Church Army, with Colonel William Hadley in charge.

The "opening" was widely advertised and took place with all the ecstasies that characterize such an event on the East Side.

One half the mission room is devoted to the saloon. That portion devoted to devotional work is screened off and no person patronizing the saloon need participate, unless voluntarily, in the religious exercises.

The patrons last night were numerous. For one cent they get a plain cup of tea; for two cents, tea with cream and sugar, or Russian tea, a beverage with a dash of lemon and mint, and very popular on the East Side; for five cents, they get a cup of tea, cream, sugar and a sandwich.

Nothing more elaborate than plain sandwiches will be served.

## BATTLE LIKELY TO BE A SHORT ONE.

Belief That Twelve Rounds  
Will Be the  
Limit.

By Langdon Smith.

The two modern gladiators—human brutes, if you like—who are to fight scientifically and to a probable finish at the Coney Island Athletic Club to-night have completed their training.

No Derby winners were ever groomed more carefully than this brace of physical wonders, who live in their muscles and by their muscles. As far as all human effort can make them, they are physically perfect.

All day to-day they will lounge about their respective quarters and try to forget the coming battle. Songs will be sung, stories will be told, games of one kind or another will be played, and the two men will be kept as free as possible from all mental worry.

In the few weeks of their preparatory training they have been coached by competent men and closely watched by pugilistic experts, who have pronounced them fit to fight the battle of their lives.

And the event is likely to be the battle of a lifetime, both for the fighters themselves and for those who see it. Dozens of blows will be struck, any one of which would kill you or me, or put us permanently on the hospital list.

Trained to the Hour.

Yet, those two men, ridged and gnarled with muscle, and trained to the hour, will mind them no more than love taps from the small finger of a pretty girl, so long as the blows do not land on the knock-out spots. These spots have been discovered by fighters themselves, notably John Lawrence Sullivan, who, in his time, has knocked more heavy weight pugilists than any living man.

Fighters have discovered the wherefore, and science has demonstrated the why. It has been discovered that the general public who a pugilist's jaw should be so weak when they are usually exercised so freely.

But Fitzsimmons will aim for Jeffries's jaw and Jeffries will try for Fitz's. It will be a fine, close, and a little hard, and unless Chief Devery stops it the fight should be settled inside of twelve rounds.

Heavy weights have so much flesh and bone to carry that they do not bear well the stress of long battles. This fight will draw a class of men to the ring that will not be seen again for a long time. Call a fist battle brutal if you like, but you cannot deny the weight and reach. That is all he it much and bone to carry that they do not bear well the stress of long battles.

The Two Men Compared.  
The advantages and disadvantages of the two men are marked. They have been written about and talked about for months.

On the eve of the battle, however, it will not be amiss to point them out again. Jeffries has on his side youth, strength, weight and reach. That is all he it much and bone to carry that they do not bear well the stress of long battles. This fight will draw a class of men to the ring that will not be seen again for a long time. Call a fist battle brutal if you like, but you cannot deny the weight and reach. That is all he it much and bone to carry that they do not bear well the stress of long battles.

The matter of ring experience is 2 to 1 in favor of Fitzsimmons. He is a cold, old general who has seen it all and lived through the tenth second has been counted.

In coolness and deliberation he is easily Jeffries's superior. The latter is likely to be nervous and over-anxious for a few rounds, and during that time he will have to be very careful, or the Australian will up him.

Jeffries has yet to stand the grueling of a hard ring battle, and this will work against him to a vast degree.

In training a pugilist may run and box and skip the rope incessantly for hours without getting tired. He may fancy that he can go fifty rounds without becoming winded. So he might with a friendly boxer before him, but confronting a real antagonist he is vastly different.

Fitz's Revelation Here.  
It is not the exertion alone that sweats a man or winds him. It is the action of the nerves, the mental anxiety and the accelerated pulsations of the heart.

Fitzsimmons has never fought in the East. Those who go to the fight to-night will see a pugilistic marvel at his weight. Just mark his high rearing action, his long, shuffling glide, the easy swing of his shoulders. Every movement is full of guile. He will deceive the spectators, but as he may deceive Jeffries with his reach.

He will let it go to within four inches of the full extent of his arm, for only a tap here or there, then all at once it will shoot out to the limit, followed by all of Fitzsimmons's left, clean down to his heels. It may miss, but if it lands it's "Katy-bar-the-door" with the Jeffries money.

Jeffries has many a dangerous punch locked up in those rolling muscles of his. Again, if the fight is a long one, he can use his weight in the clinches to the Fitzsimmons out.

It is pretty hard lines to go into a fight and have to carry weight for age to the extent of a forty-five-pound handicap. Both men are literally tuned to the hour. The odds and ends of training have been cleaned up and all is in readiness for the battle.

If the fight goes fourteen rounds Fitz should have the advantage up to the seventh. After the halfway post is passed it would look to be Jeffries.

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McCoy accompanied Fitzsimmons and Julian to Coney Island for an inspection of the clubhouse and the ring.

"How was it, Fitz?" somebody asked him on his return.

"Oh," said the champion, "it was all right. All right, like all candidates for the championship, look alike to me."



Jeffries's Head by Swinnerton.

## "I EXPECT TO BE CHAMPION."—JEFFRIES.

To-morrow morning I expect to be champion of the world. It sounds rather big to say that, but it is only a matter of working some part of an hour with a man instead of a bag in front of me—a man I can let go at and hit, not one that I have to go easy with for fear of being shy of a sparring partner for the next day.

Acknowledging Fitzsimmons to be the best fighter of the decade, giving him credit for being the hardest puncher at the weight the world has ever known, and in no way holding cheap the man who by strategy and guile has worked his way from the bottom to the top, I am firmly convinced I will win.

As to the betting, instead of being 2 to 1, it should be 3 to 1. He is the champion, and so far I am to believe some opinions of me. I have never shown anything that would even give me a license to fight him. However, the betting does not affect me or my chance of winning—in fact, I wish it was 10 to 1, as I am satisfied my California friends and those that I have made in the East would bet on me if I were a 100 to 1 shot.

Of course I do not know what tactics I shall use, and if I did know I hardly think it would be wise to say so. This much I do know, however, that whenever Fitzsimmons comes within reach of me he will get a fight. It is true that the rules are not to my liking. I would rather fight straight Marquis of Queensberry rules, but Fitz insisted on the present modifications. If I wanted to fight I was obliged to accept the terms laid down by the champion. I am fighting him at his own game and I expect to beat him at it.

JAMES JEFFRIES.

## REFEREE SILER SEES JEFFRIES.

The Big Californian Leaves Asbury Park for New  
York at 9 This Morning, Full of  
Confidence.

All arrangements have been made for the departure of Jim Jeffries and his retinue of trainers from Asbury Park on the 10:10 o'clock train this morning. The keys of the Brady cottage were turned over to Milan Ross, the agent, last night, and the packing up process of athletic paraphernalia proceeded laboriously until long after dark.

Yesterday was uneventful around the camp save for the long looked for arrival of Referee Siler, who reached there with his wife on the noon train. They returned to New York in the afternoon at 4 o'clock, after enjoying luncheon and a social chat with Billy Delaney.

Both Siler and Delaney protested that no significance be attached to the visit beyond that of friendship. The question of that clause in the rules touching on breakaways and clinches was but remotely referred to, and then in no official way. This Referee Siler said, had been left for settlement at Coney Island to-morrow afternoon, when Delaney.

## MURDERER TRIED AND SENTENCED IN AN HOUR.

He Is a Negro, and Prompt Justice  
Thwarts the Purposes of a  
Southern Mob.

Savannah, Ga., June 8.—In less than an hour after being placed on trial at Basley, Ga., today Will Ables, the negro who attacked Mrs. Edgerton there Monday, was sentenced to be hanged on June 10, the earliest day the law allows after sentence is passed.

The summary manner in which he was convicted is regarded as a distinct triumph of justice. A mob was only thwarted in its purposes by the determined efforts of conservative people.

## MAYOR JONES TALKS BACK.

Says Hanna Is an Insufferable Boss and  
Tells Lies.

Toledo, June 8.—Mayor Sam Jones is out in an interview denouncing Senator Hanna for the Eagle interview. "Among other things, Mr. Hanna," said he, "like all his

## The Stomach

### Is An Engine

Your health reflects its condition. If it's clogged up with impurities, and can't use the fuel you give it, there'll be trouble all over the body. There can be no disease with a good digestion. A strong stomach and perfect digestion comes from the use of

It clears the  
brain, strengthens  
the nerves—  
makes people  
WELL.

Hostetter's  
Stomach  
Bitters

## JEFFRIES BETS ARE SNAPPED UP.

Backers of Fitzsimmons  
Let Nothing  
Go By.

2 TO 1 AND 10. TO 7.

Out-of-Town Sportsmen Are  
Taking a Hand—Ring-Side  
Wagers Will Be Heavy.

There was some lively betting on the result of the big fight last night.

The sports who have been holding off for the past few days were very much in evidence, and some large wagers were recorded. Now that the Devery fever has passed away, everybody is satisfied that the great contest will be decided strictly on its merits, with no fear of interference. The out-of-town sportsmen, who have arrived here during the week, are taking an active hand in the betting, and before the bell calls the men to the centre of the canvas to-night, many thousands of dollars will hang in the balance. Fitzsimmons is still the favorite. He is quoted at 2 to 1, but in some places only 10 to 7 can be obtained on the champion. Although Fitz has been a participant in many big fistic events this is the first time that he has been the public choice by so large a majority. His backers have the utmost confidence in his prowess, and all the Jeffries money is gradually being counted in.

The betting will continue throughout to-day, but the really important wagers will be laid to-night, when the gladiators leave in sight from the Department of Justice. It has always been the custom in championship affairs for the bulk of the betting to be done at the ringside. This is particularly so with the bettors on to-night. Once they see the contestants stripped for the fray they are prepared to back their choice for the victor.

Some of the interesting bets made yesterday are: Billy West, of Boston, bet Pony Moore, Charley Mitchell's father-in-law and former backer, \$1,500 against \$900 on the champion, Ed. Callahan, from Charleston, W. Ya., bet \$1,000 to \$700 with Frank Patton on Fitzsimmons. Mr. Callahan has \$8,500 more to be placed at the same odds. Dick Daugherty, of San Francisco, made an offer of \$1,000 on Fitzsimmons against \$500, which was accepted by Frank Burgess, who has \$2,500 more to place on Jeffries at 7 to 10. J. J. C. bet \$1,000 on Fitzsimmons against \$1,000, Charley Carbonell taking the long end. Dr. Simpson bet \$500 to \$300 with Kid Below. He Thompson, the bookmaker, will have \$25,000 at the ringside with which to back Fitzsimmons.

## HODNETT ARRESTED AS A CAPITAL CRANK.

Labor Leader Held for Annoying the  
Attorney-General—A Suspected  
Lunatic.

Washington, June 8.—John Pope Hodnett, labor leader and once a prominent lawyer in this city, was arrested shortly before noon to-day, and is held as a suspected lunatic. The arrest was made by Detective Helan at the Department of Justice, and the complainant is Charles O. L. Cooney, private secretary to Attorney-General Griggs.

He has been trying to see the Attorney-General about the expenditure of \$54,000, the unexpended balance of an appropriation of \$75,000 for the benefit of laboring men who had worked for the Board of Public Works in this city.

To-day he called for the sixth time, and as he is regarded as a crank and a nuisance, he was refused admittance to the Attorney-General's room. He said he would obtain a mandamus to compel the Attorney-General to see him. Detective Helan, who was present, escorted Hodnett to the station, where he was locked up pending an examination as to his sanity.

John Pope Hodnett, who has long been regarded in Jersey City as rather eccentric in his actions, first appeared there in 1890. He was then a young, good-looking Irishman, and claimed to be a Fenian.

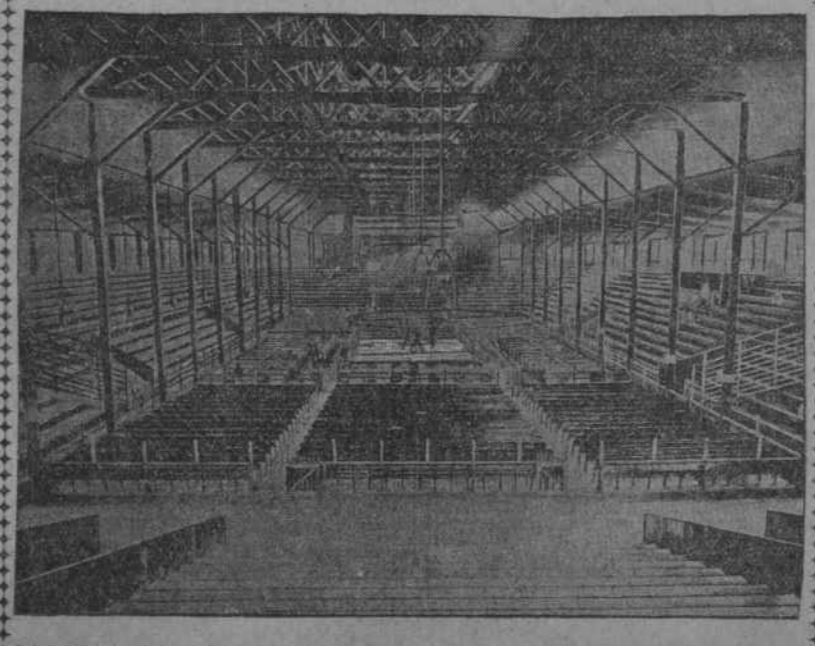
After a residence of three years in Jersey City he left there, giving the impression to his friends that he had gone South. He was absent until about two years ago, when he suddenly reappeared in his old haunts. To the surprise of many who remembered him as an ardent Fenian, he announced that he was a devotee of Switzerland. The original Duke of York, about three months ago he made a round of the lawyers' offices with a large batch of documents to prove that he was of royal blood. He worked as an advertising agent, and seemed very eccentric.

## Steamship Collision at Antwerp.

Antwerp, June 8.—The British steamer William Storrs, Captain Daniels, from Odessa, while entering this port, collided with the Red Star liner, Captain Dann, from Philadelphia, May 24, which had previously arrived and was lying at Rhin Quay. The Storrs sustained extensive damage to her port bow. The Switzerland suffered less.

**SELECT SOCIETY**  
CIGARETTES  
PURE & PLEASANT

PACKET OF TEN  
5c



The Scene of the Great Contest.